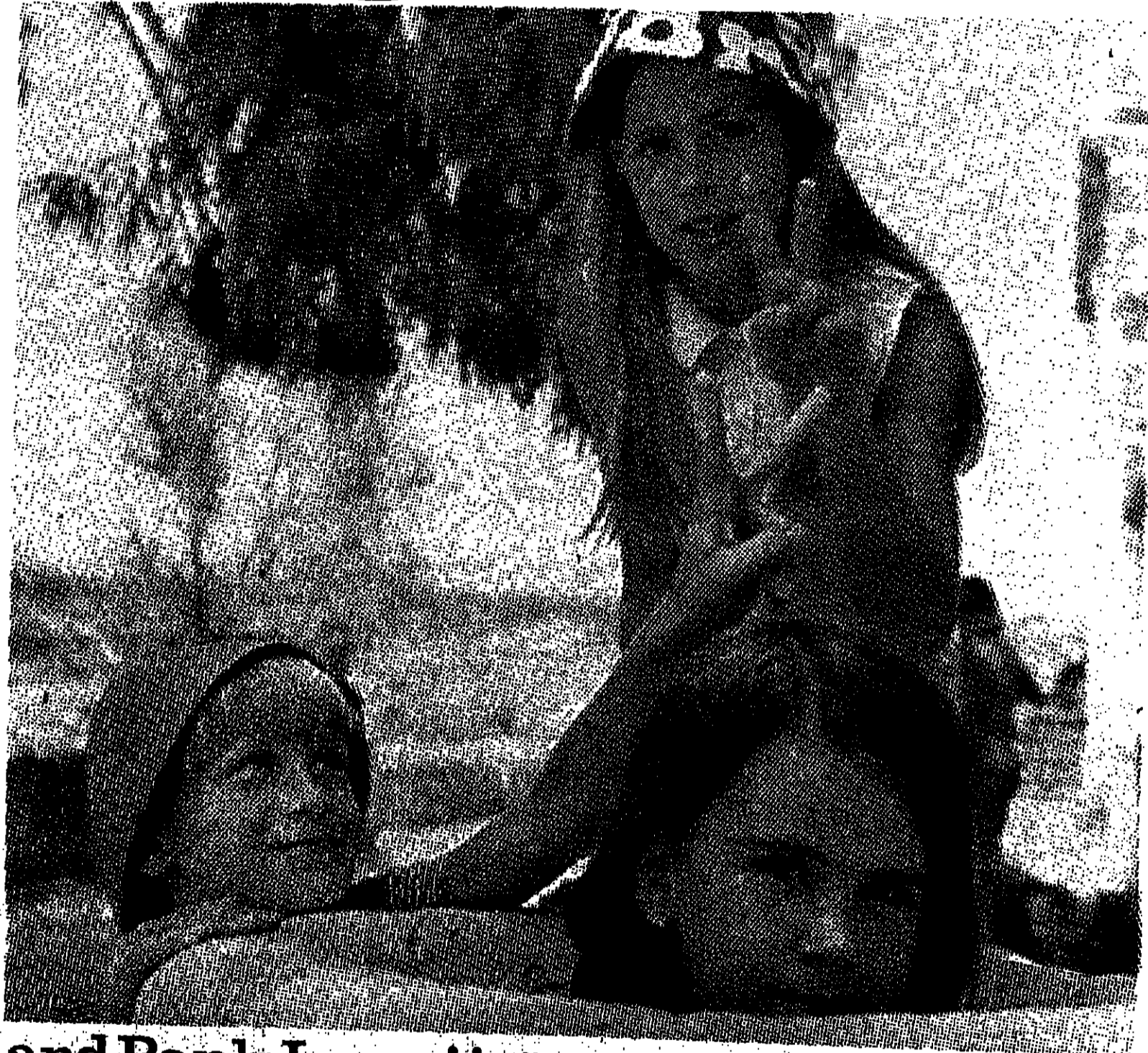


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Friday, May 4, 1979

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In this issue



On the cover: The homecoming Prisoners of Zion at Beit Hanassi on Independence Day. From left, front: Hillel Duttman, President Navon, Boris Fenson, Eduard Kusnezov; back: Mark Dimschitz, Arye (Leib) Khnokh, Ze'ev (Wolf) Zaimanov, Anatoly Altman. (David Rubinger).

	Page		Page
Joan Borsten investigates the yordim phenomenon in Los Angeles.	5	Robert Rosenberg hears about Doris Elton's contribution to a "Song of Songs" album.	16
David Landau pays a visit to Turkey.	8		
Henry Weinberg discusses the upsurge of anti-Semitism in France.	10	Lori Levy sees an unusual piece of desert reclamation at Kibbutz Revivim.	17
Abraham Rabinovich describes a new Israeli discovery of ancient Egyptian coffins in the Gaza Strip.	12		
Joshua Brilliant traces the West Bank source of a third of Israel's water supply.	14		

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California scheming

There are now an estimated 70,000 Israeli emigrants in Los Angeles — and their number is growing rapidly. In the first of two articles, *The Jerusalem Post's* JOAN BORSTEN describes how they get to the metropolis, on America's West Coast, and what they do to stay there after they've arrived. Photographs by Ann Summa.



Los Angeles' Fairfax Avenue used to resemble New York's Lower East Side. It now looks more like Tel Aviv.

consider degrading at home. They soon discover that America's streets are not paved with gold, but they also learn that if they log long hours, they can quickly accumulate enough money to buy a stereo and a gas-guzzling American jalopy. The city's incredible wealth and insatiable materialism spur them on, enable them to tolerate the youth worship, the liberated women, the militant gays, the Hillside Strangler, the hamburger stands that look like Japanese temples, and the smog.

Through a dozen shady plays, the Israelis eventually legalize their status and apply for citizenship — something they were loth to do in the late 60s, when American males were being drafted to fight in Vietnam. The antics embarrass the Jewish establishment and make Israeli envoys cringe; the U.S. Immigration and Naturalisation Service is unconcerned.

"You make it sound like there has been an enormous invasion of Israelis," chuckled an INS official. "Even if there were 200,000 living in Los Angeles, it wouldn't be a problem. They're a drop in the bucket. According to middle-range estimates, something like one quarter of Mexico's adult population is living and working illegally in California and Texas and more are crossing the border every day.

"It's true the Israelis use all sorts of devious means to acquire citizenship, but at least they become legal. They know how to get a Social Security card, now to arrange a Green Card marriage, how to buy a Green Card. I wish the Mexicans did. Believe me, if every other group were as clever as you Israelis, my job would be much easier. Don't quote me by name on that."

UNLIKE THEIR counterparts in New York, many of whom drive taxis and some of whom are rumored to collect welfare, LA's established Hebrew-speaking community is predominantly middle class. As the hardworking Jews, Orientals, Armenians, refugees from the East Coast and Okies from the Dust Bowl discovered before them, America's glamorous western capital is a palm-treed oasis of opportunity. The right combination of talent, luck, diligence, and *chutzpa* guarantees almost anyone a mortgaged ranch-style house, two cars, a savings account and an annual vacation.

From Westchester to Sepulveda, from Santa Monica to Watts, there are Israeli-owned businesses, gift stores, beauty parlours, export-import firms, gas stations, travel agencies, real estate offices, car repair shops, and boutiques. A surprising number of emigrants can be found on Hollywood backlots where they work, union card in hand, as studio technicians, gaffers (electricians), and cameramen.

There is a sprinkling of doctors and surgeons, a group of scientists and engineers whose expertise is so specialized they cannot find work in Israel. Others are professional Jews, who sell Israel at Bond meetings and United Jewish Appeal functions. Some are teachers of religion and Hebrew at the private day-schools run by the three synagogue movements. This is a profession much in demand since the U.S. Supreme Court helped assimilated Jews "discover their roots" by ruling that the children of well-to-do suburbanites can be bused to Black ghettos and

(Continued overleaf)

THE PERSONALIZED licence plates — AVI, HEDVA, SHALOM, B'EMET, HASHEM — whiz past on the freeways. A network of leaflet stands criss-crosses the sprawling city. The Tel Avivization of Fairfax Avenue progresses apace. Hebrew can be heard anywhere and everywhere.

A new minority has invaded Los Angeles — the Israeli-Americans. Miss Pee Wee California 1978: born in Haifa. The environmental reporter for a slick glossy monthly: Ehud Yonnai. The money behind Beverly Hills' outrageous, exclusive Fiorrucci boutique: three investors with classic Hebrew names who growl their r's. Universal Studios' New Talent Department's most recent discovery: Aharon Ipale. The "cleverest young American", Candid Camera's Alan Funt remembers interviewing in years: Ramar.

LA's Jewish pockets have always been lightly seasoned with Israelis: in the 50s they were idealistic, committed students. In the 60s, European refugees who opted for America after securing Israeli passports.

The stampede began with the Yom Kippur War, and left, the local Israeli consulate conservatively estimates, some 70,000 Israelis settled in the City of the Angels, total population seven million.

Some came to study at the city's numerous universities and never went home. Others were believers in free enterprise, fleeing the socialist tradition, the hopeless bureaucracy, the stiff taxes, and the tedium of reserve duty. Also to Los Angeles flocked the opportunists with itchy palms and visions of grandeur, willing to sell their souls for a Green Card, that sought-after document without which technically, no alien can work. They span the entire spectrum of Israel's national life: religious and secular, Ashkenazi and Sephardi, sabra and immigrant, Ph.D. and elementary-school drop-out, Mapainik and Likudnik.

It's a bit baffling, this sudden proliferation of Israelis, a direct result of Chloano political clout. Crying witch-hunt, California's large Spanish-speaking population has successfully blocked all attempts by state and federal legislators to impose penalties on those who hire "undocumented workers" — a boon not only for farmers and businessmen who profit from the constant inflow of cheap, docile Mexican labour, but also for any foreigner out to make a quick buck.

Most of the Israelis arrive as students or on tourist visas. Despite elaborate efforts by the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv to weed out potential emigrants. They quickly learn the ropes from their more seasoned predecessors. A Social Security card, required by all employers, is available to non-citizens through a legal loophole.

A student visa, the prerequisite for a job at the Israeli consulate, Tourist Office, or El Al, is easy to come by. The Jewish Free Loan service is good for \$500, repayable in interest-free monthly instalments. The Cedars — Sinai Hospital, one of the best medical facilities in the city, treats Russian immigrants and all Israelis. Planned Parenthood offers gynaecological examinations, birth control pills and abortions to any indigent female hoping to be a California resi-

dent. Israeli immigrants-to-be, usually single, find work easily, often at menial jobs they would

(Continued from page 5)

Chicano barrios if they want a publicly-financed education.

THE ISRAELIS live on the fringe of LA's almost half-million-strong Jewish community. They patronize Israeli restaurants, folk dance at Dani Dassa's Cafe Dassa, fill the Wilshire Ebell Theatre for Hava Alberstein or the Hassidic Song Festival, read Maariv and Yediot, follow the Israeli soccer scores, and have mostly Hebrew-speaking friends. They vacation not in Acapulco and Hawaii but in Tel Aviv.

Those great institutions that helped to speed the process of integration for so many European refugees, the city's numerous Reform and Conservative synagogues, are foreign to them. The predominantly secular Israelis feel no need to pray, especially in English, and are uncomfortable with the country-club aspects of California-style Judaism.

Along with synagogues, the Israelis also avoid another well-established Diaspora tradition: the buying of Bonds and the pledging of money to the UJA. "Maybe because we know the deficiencies of the system," says one armchair philosopher, who filters his contributions directly into his relatives' pockets. "More likely because they still consider themselves the type of Jew who fights with an Uzi, and not with a checkbook," says a Welfare Fund official.

And except for Yom Haatzma'ut, when a horde of emigrants, children in tow, join Jewish activists for a rowdy Independence Day picnic at Rancho Park, LA's Hebrew-speaking residents boycott most programmes, marches, protests and demonstrations sponsored by the local Federation.

ONLY A HANDFUL of financially successful emigrants have been assimilated into the ranks of LA's wealthiest, most upwardly mobile minority: Universal Studios vice-president Rafi Etkes; millionaire contractor Yona Goldrich; bank owner Ian Bender; advertising mogul Nathan Peleg; real estate developer Jerry Oren. They join synagogues, contribute to congressional and presidential campaigns, and buy Bonds like the richest Jewish fat cats. Like LA's Israeli "personallities" — Yeminite singer Hedva, character actor Nicky (Nehemia) Persoff, Foreign Press Association president Judy Solomons — they are courted by the consulate. Yet they cling to an all-Israeli division of the UJA and a Hebrew-speaking lodge of the B'nai B'rith.

"It's hard to be an Israeli-American," admits a UJA fundraiser who wishes to remain anonymous because he is a former World Zionist Organization shakha, an emissary who never went home.

Unlike LA's most visible new hyphenates, the Vietnamese-Americans, Korean-Americans, Thai-Americans, Lebanese-Americans and Iranian-Americans, the Israeli-Americans have never quite come to terms with their decision to abandon "the homeland."

The community's common denominators are guilt and a hatred of the word yored, a label as derogatory in Hebrew as expatriate is glamorous in English. Almost without exception, the Israelis of Los Angeles are going home after: a) one more university degree; b) having another \$10,000; c) a few more years' work experience; d) the children have finished elementary school/junior



Actor Aharon Ipale played Joseph Lavetta in Universal Studio's recent TV mini-series "The Immigrants." (Right) The Israeli owner of a jefafel stand on Fairfax Avenue.



high/high school/university, e) enjoying the grandchildren for a while.

The stigma attached to living abroad while friends and family do the "dirty work" of building a Jewish state is the Achilles heel of his even the toughest, most callous gold-digger.

The day after I arrived in Los Angeles, my kid brother dropped by with Shalom, a tall, pock-marked Yemenite he had befriended in a Sunset Strip pool hall.

"What are you doing here?" I ask politely, trying to make conversation while fighting off jet lag.

"What do you have against yordim?" he snapped defensively. The teenage son of a religious Hebrew-school teacher, a divorcee who came to LA two years ago for a "breath of fresh air," described emotionally how the B'nai Akiva shakha had rejected his application to be a summer camp counselor.

"I told him I was not here by choice. I told him I was going back for the army. I told him what I'd been doing for Soviet Jewry. He told me a yored can't promote aliya."

LA'S JEWISH activists have a love-hate relationship with the Israelis. They hire them: the head of the local Bonds organization is a Cyed-in-the-wool emigrant, as are many policy-makers at the Federation, American Zionist Youth Foundation, the UJA, and small, intimate, off-the-record the Friends of the various univer-

get-together at the home of an Israeli-born lawyer. The speaker was MK Assaf Yaguri, sent by the Begin administration to study yerida, and to wave a tiny mortgage and some new customs exemptions at those who planned to return home in time for the State's 30th anniversary.

"They don't really want us back," complained the engineer. "They are not offering us anything realistic. A low-paying job with a government-owned, bureaucracy-ridden firm and a flat in a development town. We own a three-bedroom house in the Valley now, mortgaged to be sure, and two cars. I have a challenging job and the promise of advancement."

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"I remember buying only appliances that would fit into a small Israeli kitchen," says the sabra from Tel Aviv, who met her husband Ian when they were both in Nahal, and married him on kibbutz. "Our generation wasn't like those Israelis coming now, older couples with older children who are running away from a hard life

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"Many of our generation have returned. Each time the government offered easier terms, a few more went back. We tried several times, too, but never found a way to transfer the business."

The Benders today live in Encino, the Valley's poshest, richest neighbourhood, a predominantly Jewish suburb of large houses furnished by expensive interior decorators and tended by live-in Mexican maids, with private pools and manicured green lawns. Wives spend their days shopping, coffee-kitching, and car-pooling their offspring to school, dancing, swimming, singing, modelling and art lessons. Husbands work long hours as lawyers, doctors and businessmen, commuting to downtown LA or Beverly Hills in German sports cars. Friday nights are reserved for the family or for Rabbi Harold Schulweis, who regularly draws 2,000 congregants to his conservative Beth Shalom synagogue. Saturdays and Sundays are spent sailing at the Marina.

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Her living-room is a compromise between classical reproductions and Chaim Gross/Mark Chagall-style prints. She wears designer jeans, a simple blouse, gold chains, modest diamond and sapphire rings. On the coffee table are art books, the Los Angeles Times, Newsweek, and Time — all of which she regularly scans for Jewish names — the B'nai B'rith Messenger and the Jewish National Monthly. She joined the synagogue so her kids could go to Hebrew schools, calls her annual donation to the UJA "Jewish tax," and votes Democrat.

"America and Israel," she sighs. It's like trying to choose your favourite family member. One is your wife, the other your mother.

"We are Americans, our kids are American. I already know Gili, the oldest, won't be going home for the army. How could he? It would mean putting off university till he's 21. Our second son is interested, though.

"But I believe that once an Israeli, always an Israeli. We're proud of who we are. We gave our children Hebrew first names and no middle names. When we decided to stay here, we considered changing Bender to Ben Dor, to emphasize our Israeliness. Ian and I still speak only Hebrew to each other.

"And I think we do a service for Israel. We make a good impression, speak favourably about the country, never criticize the government in public. People look up to us.

"But like so many of our friends, we feel guilty. I say that from my heart. Magiya II — I deserve it — when people call me a yoredet. I still think we might go back some day, when the children are established and on their own. There's no reason why not." □

(The first of two articles)

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They wish them well, agreeing that every Jew should have the right to live where he pleases. And they hope they will all vanish one day. Not only are the immigrants a deterrent to aliya and fundraising; they spoil the Diaspora ideal of the Israeli by working on Yom Kippur and marrying out.

The consulate, embarrassed by the influx, simply ignores the existence of the tens of thousands who never sign the army's reserve duty roster, writing them off as ne'er-do-wells who shouldn't be encouraged to return to Israel. Aliya strategists admit that emigrants are probably this country's best source of future immigration, yet Yitzhak Rabin's declaration that "yordim are deserters" still reflects most accurately the attitude of the not-so-silent majority. When the LA Jewish Federation organized a group of patriotic Israeli-born teenagers into a Hebrew-speaking chapter of Israel Scouts, neither an official blessing nor much-needed funding could be mustered.

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Her living-room is a compromise between classical reproductions and Chaim Gross/Mark Chagall-style prints. She wears designer jeans, a simple blouse, gold chains, modest diamond and sapphire rings. On the coffee table are art books, the Los Angeles Times, Newsweek, and Time — all of which she regularly scans for Jewish names — the B'nai B'rith Messenger and the Jewish National Monthly. She joined the synagogue so her kids could go to Hebrew schools, calls her annual donation to the UJA "Jewish tax," and votes Democrat.

"America and Israel," she sighs. It's like trying to choose your favourite family member. One is your wife, the other your mother.

"We are Americans, our kids are American. I already know Gili, the oldest, won't be going home for the army. How could he? It would mean putting off university till he's 21. Our second son is interested, though.

"But I believe that once an Israeli, always an Israeli. We're proud of who we are. We gave our children Hebrew first names and no middle names. When we decided to stay here, we considered changing Bender to Ben Dor, to emphasize our Israeliness. Ian and I still speak only Hebrew to each other.

"And I think we do a service for Israel. We make a good impression, speak favourably about the country, never criticize the government in public. People look up to us.

"But like so many of our friends, we feel guilty. I say that from my heart. Magiya II — I deserve it — when people call me a yoredet. I still think we might go back some day, when the children are established and on their own. There's no reason why not." □

(The first of two articles)

and army service. We weren't against anything. We just wanted to get an education, and look what happened. Now it's hard to go back. We own a company that coats electrical pipes in plastic and, with six partners, the West Valley Bank in Tarzana.

"Many of our generation have returned. Each time the government offered easier terms, a few more went back. We tried several times, too, but never found a way to transfer the business."

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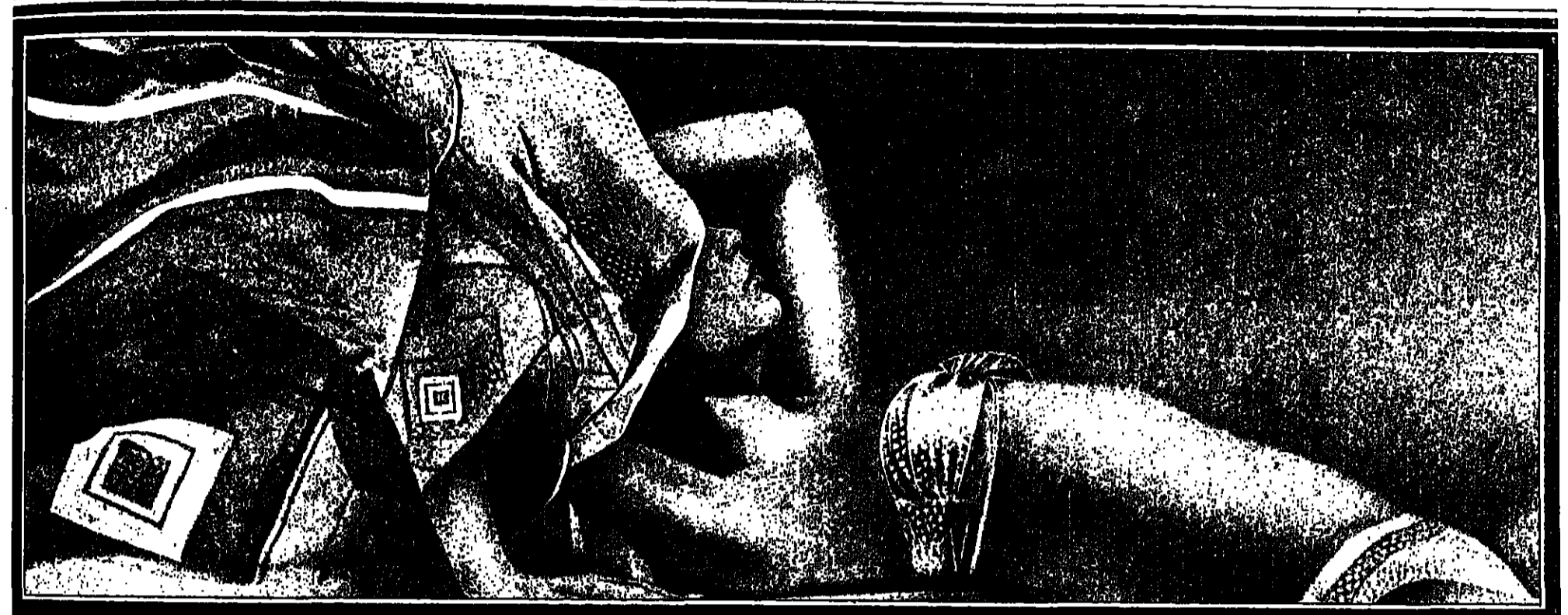
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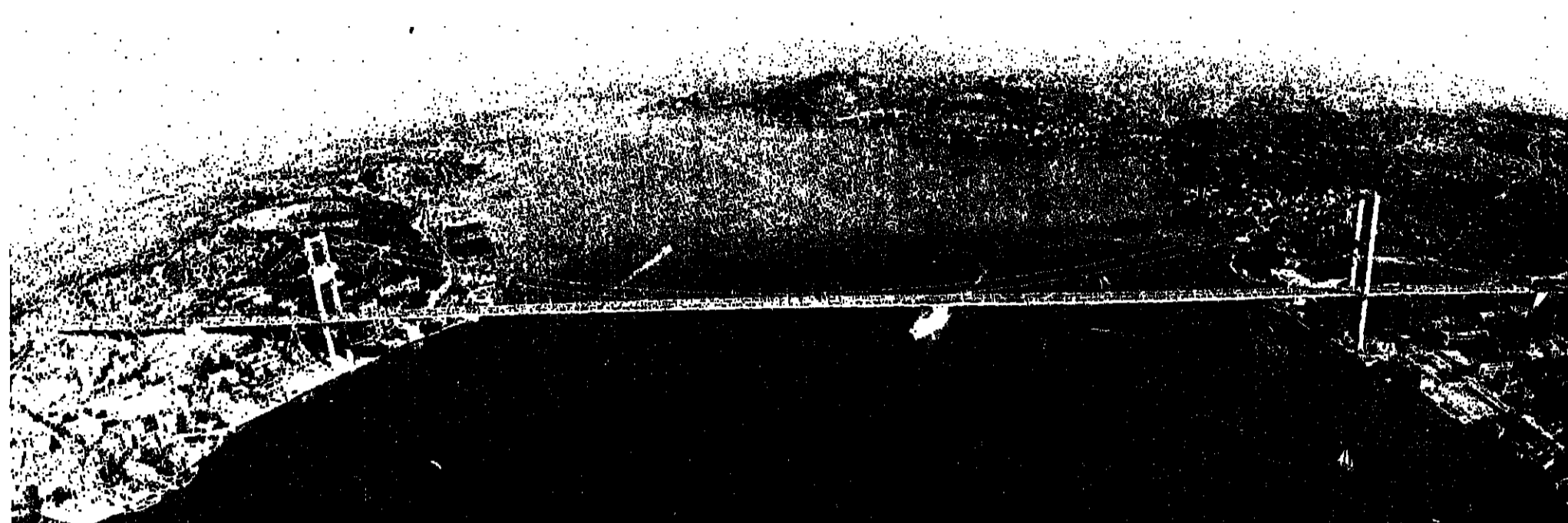
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הכרזה מן האוכל

Little room for delight

Events of the last decade — persistent internal unrest, shaky relations with the West and with its former Arab subjects, the Russians and the Greeks just across the borders — have produced a cataclysmic change in the Turkish political psyche. *Jerusalem Post* Diplomatic Correspondent DAVID LANDAU, who visited Turkey last month, reports.



AN ISRAELI visiting Ankara these days, and discussing Turkey's strategic situation with officials and politicians there, inevitably feels — if he is at all sensitive — an unwanted, but acute, embarrassment.

Here are the Turks, a vast and proud nation of 44 million, a bulwark of democracy, NATO's eastern fortress against the Soviets, having veritably to beg for the odd extra \$100m. in American military aid. And there is little Israel, so small by comparison, juggling with the billions in loans and grants being showered upon it from Washington (and still complaining that there isn't enough).

"It's all very well for you," the Turks say, with envy. "You've got your lobby and your influence on Capitol Hill. But we — we have nothing. And the Greeks are second only to you in promoting their own cause, and prejudicing that of their adversaries."

There were joyous banner headlines in Ankara a fortnight ago, when the U.S. administration indicated that it would seek Congressional approval for an additional \$200m. in aid to Turkey; additional, that is, to the annual \$300m. in military aid restored last September with the lifting of the arms embargo after four-and-a-half long years. But for the Israeli visitor in Ankara it was an additional embarrassment: President Carter proposed to tack on the extra sum for Turkey to the huge aid packages earmarked for Israel and Egypt, and in that way slip it through the Congress.

THE HUGE Turkish army, at 600,000 men the biggest in NATO after America's, is straining its cash resources to refurbish its fleet of Korean War-vintage M-47 tanks with diesel engines, new cannon and radar sights. The air force is slowly acquiring a complement of 80 F-4 Phantom warplanes. Meanwhile, Israel is beginning to think of phasing out its Phantoms, and is literally generations ahead in armour, artillery, anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons.

And yet Turkey — and not Israel — is a member of NATO. In the north-east, across an albeit moun-

tainous border region, Turkey faces untold phalanxes of Russian troops. In the north-west (Thrace), there is the much more easily passable Bulgarian border, where Warsaw Pact armies could

mass to strike down at the Bosphorus.

To the south, though this is not ostensibly a NATO concern, there are Iraq and Syria, purportedly set on a merger course, com-

manding between them more than 2,000 tanks and 700 modern warplanes — that same potential juggernaut which Premier Begin never tires of warning against. And to the east there is Iran, out of

whose turmoil might emerge new dangers for Turkey.

Beyond the embarrassment, then, at this paradoxical disparity in military might and political good fortune, the Israel is — or should be — beset by real concerns. He should feel it both as a citizen of the Free World, of which Turkey is a vital part, and as a citizen of a friendly, regional Moslem country — not counting Egypt — with which Israel has diplomatic ties.

Nor is the immediate cause for concern only, or even chiefly, the run-down condition of Turkey's military machine. For, in large measure, that itself is merely a reflection of the massive economic malaise that threatens to engulf the society. And some would say that the economic malaise, in turn, is the product of the debilitating political weakness that has crippled the country for years. Neither Bulent Ecevit (of the leftist Republican Peoples Party) nor Suleiman Demirel (of the conservative Justice Party), the two rival leaders whose personal hatred is the fuel which drives Ankara's French-Fourth-Republic politics, has proved able to establish a firm and credible government.

The instability of the political mainstream has fermented the terrorist violence on both extremes of the spectrum. There is a daily toll in life and limb.

THIS SIMMERING anarchy, coupled with — in the opinion of many informed Turks — some energetic subversion from the north, has fanned the embers of ethnic separatism in outlying regions. Most ominously, there are rumblings among the Kurdish areas in the less-developed east of the country. These stirrings are closely connected with the desultory Kurdish struggle across the Iraqi border, and the recent unrest among Iran's Kurds.

There are more Kurds in Turkey than in Iran and Iraq combined. Millions of them are fully integrated into mainstream Turkish society. But millions more still retain their distinct language and cultural identity.



(Top) Kilometer-long suspension bridge spans the Bosphorus and links Europe and Asia. (Above) Arrests and political violence are a chronic Turkish problem. (Below) Villagers in southern Turkey husk corn after harvest.



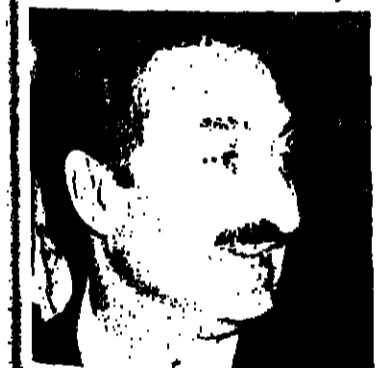
Their inchoate threat to national unity is perhaps the most pressing preoccupation of policymakers in Ankara.

To top it all, the Turks seem to have a facility for allowing their problems to trap them in vicious circles, which they clearly perceive but nevertheless do nothing to break out of.

Thus, for instance, Turkish leaders are aware that the Greeks' obsessive fear of attack from Turkey is a fact, not an act. It is that fear which inspires Greece's highly effective lobbying through the Greek-American community in the U.S. And yet the Turks cannot bring themselves to take demonstrative steps to alleviate the concern of their small western neighbour. They ridicule the Greeks' fears of Turkish invasion — and yet they themselves, even the most urbane and sophisticated of them, speak with the utmost seriousness of Greece's territorial claims and dark designs against Turkey.

(That, indeed, is part of the reason for American parsimony in supplying arms, even now that the Congressional embargo has been lifted. The Turks, for instance, persistently demand a "balanced air force" (meaning bombers as well as interceptors), justifying it by their "regional responsibilities." But it does not take much prodding to elicit that they want bombers because the Greeks have bombers. And it is precisely that reason that the U.S. is reluctant to supply them.)

THE CONSTANT and vociferous complaints by all national leaders at NATO and Western intransigence towards Turkey is



(Above) Premier Bulent Ecevit. (Below) Suleiman Demirel.



intended, of course, to obtain more generous support from the richer allies. But the effect is, at the same time, to embitter public opinion against the West — a sentiment which could prove dangerously volatile if economic and social conditions deteriorated nationally. And yet the complain-ers continue and IMF conditions for new Western loans are portrayed as a humiliation.

The conclusion in Iran may have been Turkey's lucky break, paradoxical though it seems. It has spurred a new awareness in the West of Turkey's plight — and Turkey's strategic importance. The Western media, never much interested in the slumbering giant of Asia-Minor, suddenly bestirred themselves to search for a "Turkish Khomenei." Their headlines have already realized

that any comparison with neighbouring Iran is facile. Turkey's secularism is too strongly enshrined to succumb to a sudden wave of religious fundamentalism. But at the same time, the complexity of Turkey's problems, and the urgency of their solution, seem to have made an impact on Western public opinion — and not a moment too soon.

BUT WHATEVER the measure of new Western magnanimity, there will be no returning now for Turkey to its comfortable, soporific, but anachronistic Cold War cocoon. The Congressional arms embargo was a belated and rude awakening, and it prodded Ankara to look outwards, no longer only in the direction of the West.

Ecevit signed a Declaration of Friendship and Cooperation in Moscow last year. And his foreign minister, Gunduz Okcu, is assiduously cultivating Ankara's ties with the Third World/non-aligned nations, not least for their voting support when the Cyprus or Aegean questions are brought up at the UN.

Similarly (and simultaneously), the oil crisis has forced the Turks to revise radically their traditionally contemptuous attitude towards the Arab world they formerly ruled.

There was always a "special relationship" with the Libyans, one of the few peoples not to have revolted against the Ottoman Empire (it was the Italians who drove the Turks out of Libya). Now the relationship is positively blooming. Ecevit paid an official visit to Tripoli recently, and premier Jalloud is soon to reciprocate, bringing with him the best wishes of Col. Gaddafi (though diplomatic sources say he is unlikely to bring the dollars that the Turks hope will come with the wishes).

The Saudi Arabian finance minister was in Ankara a fortnight ago and signed an agreement to lend Turkey \$250m. for special projects.

The ties with Iraq are particularly close — because of the common Kurdish problem. The Turkish chief of staff and the chief of internal security have made separate visits to Baghdad in the last few weeks.

But with Iraq, and even more so with Syria, the friendship is still tempered with a goodly measure of wariness. Both countries are taken into account, in Turkey's strategic thinking, as potential foes, either in terms of Soviet surrogates or in strictly regional conflicts. Syria is still formally bound under its constitution to wreathe the Alexandretta region of the Mediterranean littoral from the Tigris and the Euphrates rise in Turkey is a potential source of discord between Ankara and Baghdad.

ALL IN ALL, though, Turkey's new respect for the Arabs represents a cataclysmic change in the political psyche of the nation (and just goes to show what oil and money can do). Inevitably, these burgeoning relationships with some of the most extremist Arab states must be accompanied by appeals and pressures, in the name of Moslem solidarity, for a change of heart towards Israel.

Turkish officials concede that such persuasion is exerted, but they maintain that their own firmness quickly discourages it. (David Landau recently visited Turkey on behalf of "The New Republic.")

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May 14 & May 28: 8:00 p.m. — Social Dancing (over 40)

TUESDAYS:
May 8: 8:00 p.m.: Irgun Olaf Holland — Programme in Dutch
May 15 & May 29: 8:00 p.m. — A.A.C.I.
May 22: 8:00 p.m.: Hitahdut Olaf Britania

WEDNESDAYS:
8:00 p.m. — Folk Dancing
8:00 p.m. VIP SINGLES GROUP OF ISRAEL 40-59
May 9 — "From Peace Treaty to Peace"
— Ms. Annette Dulatin
May 16 — American Country and Folk Songs — Daisy Newell
May 23 — "The Creation of the Diaspora Museum" —
Curator of Beth Hatefetsoth
May 30 — Social Evening

THURSDAYS:
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4.5	14.00	Jesus Christ Superstar — Norman Jewison
5.5	16.50	The Taming of the Shrew — Zeffirelli
	21.50	Anaeroed — Fellini
7.5	18.00	A Midsummer Night's Dream — Reinhardt, Dietsche
	21.50	Kings of the Road — Wim Wenders
8.5	18.00	Marathon screening of Israeli Shorts
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	21.00	Lenny — Bob Fosse

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Timeless beauty

'I felt I could have been living then, and been one of Solomon's lovers.' That's how Doris Biton described her part in the photographing of an album on 'The Song of Songs' to ROBERT ROSENBERG.

IN THE SMALL restaurant garden, 17-year-old Doris Biton really does look like one of King Solomon's concubines. Her long dark hair shines in the sunlight that slips through the pine trees above her. Her dark eyes flash, and when she smiles, sensuous lips reveal the perfect teeth which the wise and ancient king compared to dancing white sheep.

Doris is one of four women chosen by Parisian fashion photographer Michel Tessler to feature in a new photographic book illustrating "The Song of Songs."

One of the shortest books of the Bible, it presents a graphic portrayal of a great love affair, ostensibly between King Solomon and his favourite concubine, allegorically between Israel and God. It would be described by modern poets as imagist — intensely visual, sensual and at times quite explicit.

When the staff at Media Contemporary Arts, a Tel Aviv establishment that represents several Israeli artists and independently publishes their work, decided to illustrate the biblical text with photographs, they very quickly discovered that "The Song of Songs" meant a lot of different things to different people.

Sasha Harari, the 33-year-old director of Media, described the process of producing the book of photographs as a "forge, through which the ideas of all that were involved — and we had quite a large staff of models, designers, crew people — had to be tempered."

He held a dummy of the book in front of him as he spoke, turning the pages slowly. Each photograph, shot in what Doris Biton called "the most special places in the special places that are here — Sinal, Jerusalem, the Galilee," was accompanied by a caption quoting from the biblical poem.

"Of course we started out thinking it would be erotic," Harari said. "But as we read the poem over and over, and discussed it and read essays on it, we moved to a more esoteric understanding."

"The Song of Songs" is at times confusing — emotions quickly following each other, descriptions mixing images to form an elastic beauty that sets the imagination spinning.

"The book of photographs is also confusing in a way," said Harari. "It starts literally, with the pictures very clearly related to the text. But soon the photographs become only subtle hints to the passage; and by the end of the book, although beauty and sensuality pervade, an esoteric, almost abstract, sense of the text takes over."

IT WAS ONLY by chance that Doris became involved in the production. "They needed some dancers for one of the shots to illustrate the women of Jerusalem, so they came to Bat Dor where I study dance," she said.

"I was coming out of a studio and Michel" — the photographer



Media chose after Israeli photographers turned down the project — "Michel saw me and said, 'yes, her.'"

Harari, Tessler, the models Tessler chose, Ailna Slonim (who works as Harari's assistant), and Eshahu Tai, a public relations man who has dreamt of producing such an album for years, discussed "The Song of Songs" for weeks before they began the IL600,000 production.

"We had to avoid kitsch, and we couldn't make this merely a book of erotica," said Harari. "We were trying to come to grips with our roots in this country, express something that is universal, something beautiful. We were trying in a sense to understand ourselves."

"Michel Tessler has had 'Vogue' covers, and he knows his job," said Slonim. "He's making aliya in June — so for him, this was something extra special that he thought out very carefully."

Tessler shot nearly 10,000 colour slides for the album, which in its final form has 120 photographs illustrating some 100 passages from "The Song of Songs."

Tessler and Media chose models who were not professionals, and decided to seek that timeless quality that Doris exudes. Tel Aviv artist Gidi Levi designed the sets, and some of them are exotic indeed.

The guards who assault Solomon's lover are motorcyclists in helmets and black jackets.

Manashe Kadishman, the Israeli avant-garde artist whose tremendous girth and thick grey beard give him a look of wisdom, was photographed to illustrate a passage about kisses as sweet as wine. He holds an enormous glass goblet, which in his meaty hands appears tiny.

Doris, who was born in Morocco, is finishing high school this year. She refused to be photographed in the nude and needed her parents' permission to do the Sinal for the four days of shooting that involved her.

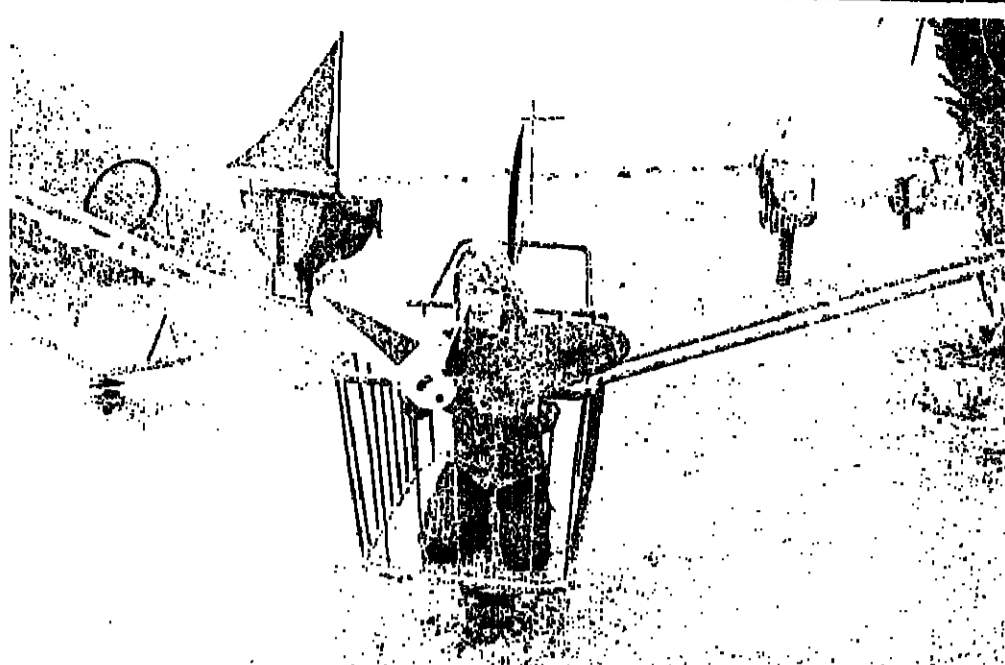
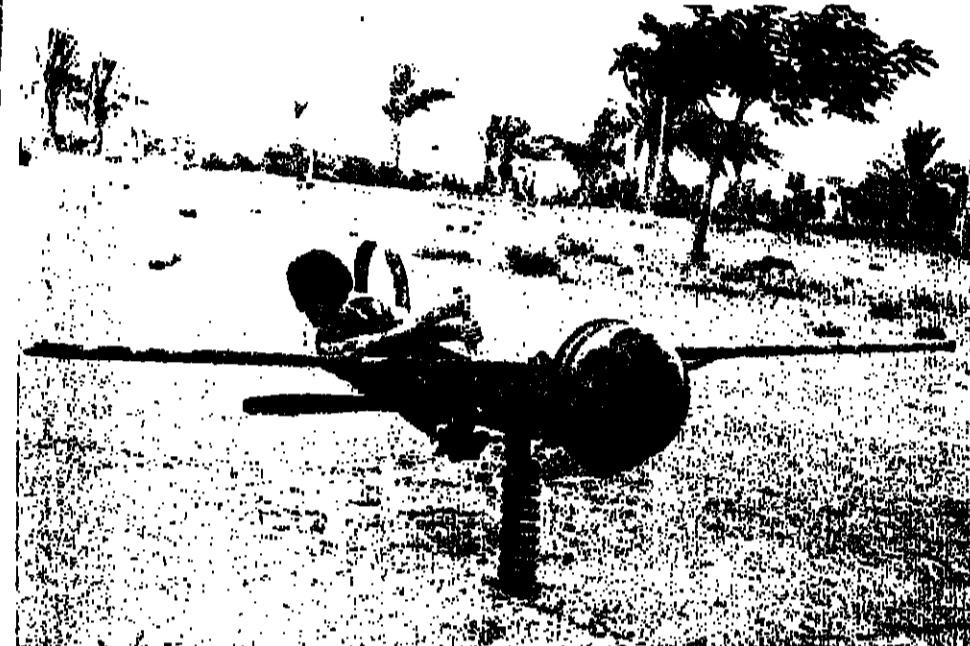
"The Song of Songs" is not taught in school here," she said. Teachers try to avoid discussing the book when precocious pupils ask questions.

"But we all know about it, and even if you aren't religious, or have strong feelings about the Bible, the book, for young Israelis like me, is important. It expresses so much that we know, and does it so beautifully."

"You know, in the Bible, the relations between men and woman are always so hard. Either it's 'Be fruitful and multiply,' or it's a lot of rules and regulations about marriage conduct."

"But in 'The Song of Songs,' the relationship between men and women is beautiful, the way it should be, with all the purity and all the feelings that exist."

"There were moments when in the Sinal I forgot that I was Doris Biton, who lives in Ashdod, and leads a normal busy life. While we were in the Sinal, I could have been living then, and been one of Solomon's lovers," she said. □



Playground sculptor

Jonathan Levitas has taken scrap metal, and converted a corner of Kibbutz Revivim into a most unusual playground, writes LORI LEVY.

WHEREAS MOST people at Kibbutz Revivim grow flowers or cactuses in their gardens, Jonathan Levitas "grows" sculptures.

Rising out of his garden of fallen leaves is a strange and varied crop: a rooster, a dog, a snail, a bird catching its prey on a leadstool, and a few unidentifiable creatures.

Towering above them all is a bright yellow and orange "tinged eyelash" — a giant metal ringe sporting a hole for an eye and a rake-like lash.

Jonathan arrived at the Negev Kibbutz — also known as "Golda's Kibbutz" — in 1987 as a volunteer from South Africa. His interest in sculpture developed spontaneously — almost accidentally — a few years later, while making a see-saw for children.

A see-saw works on a scale principle and requires two people to operate it; why not make something with a spring in the middle so that one child could rock himself up and down? With this flash of an idea, he began his hobby of making sculptures for children.

Instead of keeping all his work in a private sculpture garden, Jonathan, a friendly, jolly man of 39, also created a playground next to his apartment.

The playground has grown over the years and now includes a giraffe, a lion, a horse, and a bull. Two airplanes, a "yacht," a see-saw, and a merry-go-round that

"moves like an octopus." In accordance with his original idea, these scrap-metal sculptures are almost all mounted on springs. Herein lies their uniqueness, their innovativeness; springs constitute the base of Jonathan's sculptures and of his creativity.

The difference between the coil spring he uses (from tanks and heavy-duty vehicles) and an ordinary motor-car spring, explains Jonathan, is that the car spring only goes up and down, whereas the coil spring has a 380 degree movement. Children playing on his sculptures, therefore, can rock up and down or from side to side, or swoop and swirl simultaneously.

WHILE HIS sculptures fulfil a need for artistic expression, he is mainly motivated by a desire to please children through his toys, and to keep them amused. "A child likes to be able to move," he says, and to feel at one with the movements of the animal sculpture. "Like an animal moves, they move," Jonathan adds. Consequently he prefers mobile, concrete shapes; the few abstract objects he has made are stationary.

All his sculptures are colourful. "Kids prefer bright colours," he claims, and he chooses his spray paints accordingly. There are bright greens, yellows, blues, and

reds, often blended together. The animals in his playground are strong enough, he says, to bear the weight of a 12-year-old child, or up to 40 kilos. (I couldn't resist the blank bull, and can therefore testify that it holds up perfectly under a weight of 50 kilos.)

Once Jonathan has an idea in mind, he raids the junkyards of the kibbutz and of Tel Aviv in search of appropriate parts. But inspiration also works the other way — a scrap of metal may suggest to him the head or body of a particular animal.

ONCE HE HAS collected all the parts for a particular sculpture, he begins welding them together. It takes about a day to make a sculpture, and another day to paint it. Working mainly in the winter months, when it is more comfortable to be outdoors, Jonathan creates whenever an idea comes to him. He averages four or five sculptures a season. But he has nothing against producing on demand. "If people are interested," he says, "they can contact me at the kibbutz. The sculptures would sell for approximately IL1,000 each."

He declares himself capable of producing not only for local needs but also for export. "It's a great thing for a house to have in its garden for kids," he maintains. He should know. □



هكذا من الأصل

ARTHUR HAILEY has overlooked an obvious venue for his repetitive plots. What better title to follow *Airport* and *Hotel* than that of the book under review. *Department Store*, that is, that formidable institution which turns over millions of dollars to the hum of electronic cash registers.

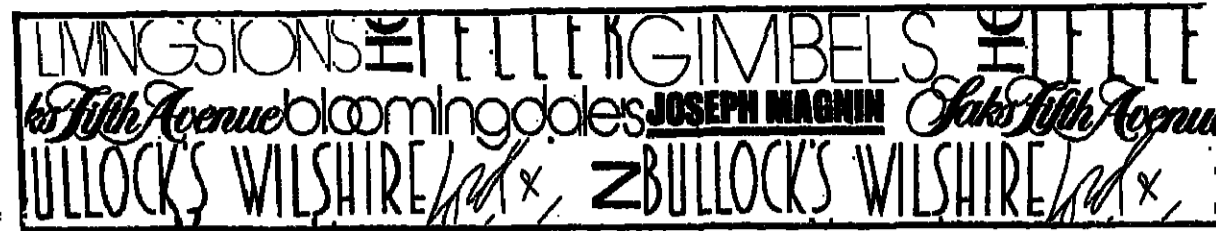
In Hailey's hands, such a book's climb up the bestseller charts would have equalled that of an express elevator going from the store's busy street level to its upper-floor executive offices, where passionate intrigue is muffled by soft, plush carpets.

This *Store*, however, is a work of non-fiction. The reader is given much information about various stores, their founders, sales campaigns and what-not. To say that the drama of America's great stores is herein captured is an overstatement. Still, there is a pot-pourri of material of particular interest to American readers who are familiar with these centres of fashion.

Shopping is the true American pastime. From an early age Americans are conditioned to buy. Stores are the shrines of American business, and the names of the great ones have whetted the appetites of millions of people over the years. It should be noted, however, that behind many a glamorous store you will find today the behemoth of financial organization, the conglomerate.

Behind Lord & Taylor, that venerated New York establishment, lurks the anonymous Associated Dry Goods Corporation (which has 87,000 employees and has sold an astounding \$1.5 billion of goods in 1978). The giant Federated Department Stores, Inc. is the financial master of New York's Bloomingdale's (shining light of successful merchandising), Hollywood's famed Bullock's Wilshire and San Francisco's distinguished I. Magnin & Co. among others.

Buyers' & sellers paradise



BUT ENOUGH decrying the fate of individual initiative. After all, today's stores were started by individuals who had the kind of drive and intelligence that resulted in these gigantic commercial creations. When he was in his eighties, P.G. Winnett used to walk through his store, Bullock's, handing out sour balls and chocolate kisses to his employees. They loved him.

"It may sound corny," said a veteran employee, "but I've kept the last candy Mr. Winnett gave me. It's still in its cellophane. Mr. Winnett was a small man in stature. In everything else he was 10 feet tall."

He was a man of extravagant vision. When Bullock's opened in 1929 it was the marvel of its day, the height of fanciful architecture in the service of merchandising. In old age Winnett had to face a bitter, unsuccessful fight against being taken over by Federated Department Stores, who were aided by his son-in-law. He was kept on as an "adviser," which allowed him to walk through the store with a supply of candy.

UNLIKE Winnett, the Korrick brothers, Charles and Abe, had no use at all for fanciness. They were Jewish immigrants who came from Poland at the turn of the century and found their habitat in the Wild West. They must have stood out among the cowboys of Phoenix, Arizona, but they had a knack for selling what the cowboys needed. And they prospered.

STORE by Nan Tillson Birmingham. New York, G.P. Putnam's Sons. 365 pp. \$12.50.

Reuven Rosenfelder

Hard work — push, push — was their motto.

For years, early Saturday morning was the time for staff assemblies. The milder brother, Charles, would invariably end his brief remarks by saying, "And now I would like to introduce my little brother, Abe," who would then proceed with his "sales pitch for the day's specials, with the enthusiasm of a football coach," as a long-time employee recalled.

Not all the legendary commercial figures were founders or owners. Bernice Fitz-Gibbons was a farm girl from Wisconsin who was able to command an unprecedented annual salary of \$80,000 during the 1940s as advertising director of Gimbels, New York. She was a horror to work for, driving her staff until the last ounce of creative energy was extracted from them. But she coined such memorable slogans as Macy's "It's Smart to be Thrifty," and Gimbels' "Nobody, but Nobody, Undersees Gimbels."

Not exactly Shakespeare, but then merchandising isn't exactly poetic. But these slogans have stood the test of time.

ADVERTISING, an image and a certain chic are the gateway to

prospered forever. Misguided management has brought down even popular stores, such as The White House in San Francisco. One mistake they made, maybe not the most important, was that they failed to understand "the mystical power and real profit in cosmetics and perfume, that has turned virtually every main floor of every store into a make-up parlour and smelly paradise. They buried these departments in hard-to-find corners.

BUT THAT'S old-fashioned stuff. The action today is in "now" window displays, of which the author tells us: "With the use of electronics, near porn, surrealism, window displays have become exciting 'street theatre.' They use violence, sex, and fantasy, and touch on heretofore unvisual themes such as murder, suicide and homosexuality... The windows are talked about, stir-up controversy, create publicity and draw crowds. They also sell merchandise."

And selling merchandise is what it's all about. Tom Barnett, a manager at Nieman-Marcus stores in Texas, started out in a small new branch 20 years ago. One day the illustrious Stanley Marcus came on an inspection visit.

"He looked around and liked what he saw," Barnett recalled. "But we weren't doing any business and he wanted to know why. I thought of something I heard buyers say on slow days. I said, 'Mr. Stanley, the people are coming in, but they just aren't buying.' He looked at me, and that is when I learned what retailing was. He said 'Tom, until you see them walk in here naked, they're buying their clothes somewhere.'"

So much for instructive tidbits of American merchandising. As for the book itself, it is hard to criticize, despite the avid name-dropping and the fact that certain sections read like advertising.

Treasure trove



MOSSHE SHARETT was a compulsive writer. He enjoyed the very act of writing, the flavour of words and the quest for precision of expression. He always looked back with nostalgia to his days on *Devar*, and seemed to find some compensation in the paperwork — memos, reports, letters — he did at the Foreign Ministry, and before that at the Jewish Agency.

Despite its copious, almost daily, entries (many dealing with matters of little import), the extensive digressions and the elaborate descriptive passages, this is by no means a diary kept at leisure. Most of it was written under the extremely heavy pressure of work and great mental strain, very often in the middle of the night when he was on the verge of physical exhaustion. "This diary is shortening father's life," Zipora Sharett wrote their son. However, he felt "dutybound" and was "imbued with the desire" to go on.

Quite obviously it was a burden, but one which Sharett clung to with tenacity. He was driven to it by the need to find an outlet for a pent-up feeling of frustration rooted in his inability to express his personality fully and independently. It was the barrier of Ben-Gurion's shadow which he sought to break through.

On the eve of assuming the premiership, following B-G's decision to retire to Sde Boker, Sharett wrote: "Until now I have been bound and constricted by subservience to the authority of others... It has always been my lot to adjust and accommodate myself." And later, when B-G returned to office: "Again the shadow of another man has been cast upon me. Again it was decreed that I should accommodate myself and oblige."

THE RELATIONSHIP between the two men was as complex as the differences in their characters and conceptions of statecraft and leadership. Indeed, despite their many years of collaboration, one cannot help feeling that, to Sharett, B-G remained an enigma to the end. Sharett's attempts to understand the man were not helped by the admiration bordering on reverence he felt for him. It was a protracted and tormenting road on which the admiration moved to ambivalence, resentment and disillusionment and, finally, to open condemnation.

MINUTING a conversation with Ehud Avriel, Sharett notes: "Spent a long hour analysing B-G. Both of us displayed great proficiency in the subject and each of us could have written a doctoral dissertation on it."

And again, in a letter to Akiva Govrin: "Our relationship is excellent in so far as a relationship of true friendship is possible in the circumstances, while that which separates us is rooted in deep and hidden layers of the soul. All this is a subject for psychoanalytical research, which I neither desire nor see much point in."

Yet it was this inability to grasp B-G's personality that was at the root of much of Sharett's torment and frustration and that kept him so long from realising the vanity of his attempts to find some common ground with him.

Sharett became premier in January 1964. Fourteen months later, following the "Lavon Affair," B-G came back to serve as defence minister under Sharett. And in 1968 Ben-Gurion reassumed the premiership.

When Sharett was forced out of the government several months later, he was at a loss to com-

growing need for reassertion (it led, in this critical period of his relationship with B-G, to excessive self-pity and often to a loss of a sense of proportion). When he is about to be excluded from the government, Sharett quotes Mrs. Sharett: "Nobody imagines that the State will be able to hold out without you."

What matters is that this mass of secondary material tends to obscure the profound issues that brought the two men into collision. It is these issues that constitute the diary's main core and make it the important historical document it is.

Sharett questioned the very tenets of Ben-Gurion's activist policy and rejected as disastrous the path of "teaching the Arabs a lesson" by escalating retaliatory actions aimed at a military resolution. He was out to block and reverse this "wild" trend and to contain the "just for fighting" with its corrupting effects.

Sharett minces no words in accusing the military establishment of manipulating facts, withholding information and falsifying reports in order to justify, or get approval for, retaliatory operations. He was deeply shocked by the cover-up of the Kibya affair, and by the hush-up of a case involving the killing by paratroopers of five Beduin in an act of personal revenge.

The fact that the activist policy in all its forms had the enthusiastic support of the vast majority of the population disturbed him greatly, and he saw in the diary affords them a warranted centrality, which is further emphasised by Sharett's

saw this policy as leading to a dangerous impasse and to Israel's growing isolation.

Sharett agreed that in certain circumstances a retaliatory operation was unavoidable, but warned that such operations "ought to be guided by the realization that they will not bring peace closer, but rather make its prospects even more remote."

Sharett advocated diplomacy, moderation and restraint as the way to win international support and allay Arab suspicions and fears, develop trust, and ultimately bring about Arab acceptance of the State of Israel. Thus when Ben-Gurion was pointing to the dangers posed by the growing Arab — and especially Egyptian — military might and warning that Nasser was preparing for war, Sharett wrote: "One has to seek an answer to the dangers in non-military measures: in raising a new proposal for the solution of the refugee problem, coupled with a courageous offer of compensation, in mending our relations with the powers and in active striving for an understanding with Egypt."

Sharett kept on his struggle with remarkable tenacity. On two occasions he succeeded in blocking large-scale retaliatory operations which Ben-Gurion brought before the Cabinet for approval. However, he knew that he was fighting a losing battle and that his course was leading to a break with Ben-Gurion, which he vaguely hoped to avert.

The 1956 Sinai Campaign found Sharett out of the government and on a mission in Asia. It came to him as a profound shock. "We are the aggressors!" — was his one-line entry on the day the news of the war reached him in New Delhi. The jubilation over the great victory left him cold. It was all a terrible blunder. It brought Israel into open conflict with the U.S. (Sharett viewed with apprehension the tendency towards reliance on France); the collusion between Ben-Gurion and Nasser ended in failure.

Sharett himself was far from being free of doubts. When, at a meeting, Moshe Dayan — who was Chief of Staff at the time — stressed that if Israel did not keep up its strong retaliatory operations it might be plunged into a state of chaos, Sharett asked himself: "Can one prove the opposite, that such would not be the case?"

NO SHORT review can adequately convey the panorama of events and figures presented in this unique diary. The reader is given a new insight into the "Lavon Affair"; he is shown the complexities of political negotiations and disputes; he gets a close-range view of the making of a coalition government, with its behind-the-scenes wrangling and "deals"; and he follows the careers of the "men at the top" as they are seen and described by Sharett with sharpness and frankness.

Standing out above all this is the moral force which dominated Sharett's personality. He was not a man of extremes, but neither was he a man of compromise when it came to matters of values and conscience. "I... stand before my conscience, the cruel and tyrannical ruler, to whom I am subservient all my life like a willing slave."

This extraordinary diary, besides being a unique human document, is a treasure trove for the student of Israel's contemporary history and invaluable for the understanding of one of its crucial periods.

HAVE EVENTS over the years vindicated Sharett's doctrine?

Quite clearly he was right when he stated that "Egypt will not make peace under the impact of a military debacle," and that "the issue of peace between Israel and the Arabs is by no means a matter of submission to force, but one of a complex psychological process involving a change of heart and a changed climate." Yet it would seem an oversimplification to assert, as Sharett does, that "Ben-Gurion does not realize this."

While Sharett wanted to avert at all cost, Ben-Gurion maintained that the Arabs would not be ready to accept Israel's existence before they were absolutely convinced that they could not destroy the Zionist state. Moreover, as a precondition for a "change of heart" there would have to emerge in Egypt a leader whose overriding concern would be the pressing economic and social needs of his country.

FOR A balanced evaluation one also has to look at the scene which obtained in the early and middle 1950s. The cry from the Arab capitals was for the annihilation of Israel, and it was accompanied by armed attacks across the borders; there was also the threat of an armed march of Palestinian refugees into Israel. Israel was under an austerity regime, with its muscles, beset by grave economic and social problems and the burden of hundreds of thousands of newly arrived immigrants living in *ma'abarot*.

A strong stand was thus required to instil self-confidence and keep up the morale of the people — on top of the overriding necessity of deterring Arab aggression. In 1956 Soviet arms began flowing into Egypt. At the same time Israel's hopes for American arms — and the prospects of a defence treaty with the U.S., then under discussion — did not materialize; efforts to bring about a meeting between Ben-Gurion and Nasser ended in failure.

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BOTH THE Welsh poet and the Irish playwright have been much biographed already. Nevertheless these two recent books are highly commendable.

Even though his critical reputation has suffered considerably in recent years, Dylan continues to fascinate. His life has been recounted by his widow, his son, his friends, his critics, his admirers, and by a semi-official biographer, Constantine FitzGibbon. Two novels have been written about Dylan. Ajeo Guinness and Emlyn Williams have played him on stage, and Dylan's voice continues to do brisk business for Casdmon Records. Quite a lot of attention for a chap who died at 39 and whose *Collected Poems* number 99.

Ferris avoids analysing or evaluating those poems (they've been done to death elsewhere anyway). What he concentrates on is the man — or rather the aging boy — who produced all that lyrical verse.

Armed with a fair amount of documents and letters which were unavailable to FitzGibbon, Ferris attempts to fill in as much (factual) detail as possible. This is no mean task, considering that his subject was a habitual liar from boyhood on.

WAS DYLAN a teenage gigolo? Nope. Did Dylan catch a dose from a chipmunk while he was romancing Pamela Hansford Johnson? Maybe. Did he entertain the boys at the pub by racing around on all fours yapping like a

Biographical repeats



DYLAN THOMAS by Paul Ferris. London, Penguin. 446 pp. £1.80. OSCAR WILDE by Philippe Jullian. London, Paladin. 348 pp. £1.75.

Matthew Nesvisky

...rivers meet, the curlews cry") took him three weeks to write. Dylan even confessed in a letter: "Or if I did write a line 'My dead upon the orbit of a rose,' I saw that 'dead' did not mean 'dead,' 'orbit' not 'orbit' & 'rose' not 'rose.' Even 'upon' was a syllable too many..."

Of course, the single-minded child cannot flourish in the complex world of the adult. Dylan wrote half of his finished work by the time he was 21. A manuscript page from 1951, two years before he died, tells the rest of the story: a few tentative lines of verse, a few letters of synonyms and rhymes, and an accounting of how much was owed the milkman and the butcher. The poet didn't drink himself to death; he was eaten by the world.

OSCAR WILDE's life, of course, is even more familiar to us than Dylan's. Wilde inspired a dozen biographies, featured in scores of volumes of recollections and, in his own day, was caricatured in at least two novels and in a Gilbert



like. And of course Wilde lived out his exile and was buried in France.

If we do not get much new information on Wilde from Jullian, we are at least reminded of some excellent bits of Wildean repartee which may have escaped our attention. Thus: "One day he was accosted on his doorstep. 'I have called about the taxes, Sir.' 'Taxes? Why should I pay taxes?' said Oscar. 'But Sir, you are the household here, are you not? You live and sleep here.' 'Ah, yes, but then you see I sleep so badly.'"

Jullian also must get his due. Perhaps all biographers of Wilde are tempted to the epigram and the elegant turn, but Jullian at least is equipped for the occasion. Hence: "Wilde's care of his body was like that of a mother whose child stood a good chance of winning a baby competition." Or this description of Aubrey Ebsdale's drawings for Wilde:

"He is prodigal with roses and garnets, he portrays satyrs with the breasts of old women by the light of ithyphallic candles. Dwarves and slaves brandish whips, of which the lash, drawn with a cruel and sure line, comes from an edition of *Vogue* produced in Hell by the Marquis de Sade and Sacher von Masoch; it tears the shoulders of the slaves into black lace."

In all, this is a fine French view of Wilde. The translation is by Violet Wyndam, who gets only passing mention in the introduction.

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The alchemist

HAVING all but sloughed off various insidious stylistic influences—Dylan Thomas, Ivy Compton-Burnett—and the even more insidious influence of the Women's Liberationists (who surely think of themselves in capitals), Fay Weldon, like Yeats, now writes unnumbered. And she has produced a marvellous novel. Like all marvellous novels, it is imperfect and its imperfections add to its charm and its worth, because insofar as it is imperfect it resembles life; it is like you and me.

Praxis the heroine, the you and the me, isn't up to much at the beginning. She is only a pretty little girl being photographed on the beach at Brighton, while her uglier, older, and incomparably cleverer sister disdainfully refuses to participate. But this first glimpse of her affords, too, a glimpse into the squalor and wonder of the future, the sacrifice and the joy, the satisfying solution arrived at quietly at the end.

Praxis is a rich little girl with the soul of a waif, whose Galatean tendencies early display themselves. She is also half-Jewish and a bastard, but then so is her sister Hypatia, who manages nonetheless to make it through life without bruising her dignity or her reputation.

But Fay Weldon isn't in love with her as she is with Praxis, as she is with one or two others who manage to touch Praxis closely. Out of love, like God tasting Job, Weldon tortures Praxis first in refined and then in increasingly obscene ways. In front of Praxis, her pretty mother Lucy fishwives it out with her common-law husband Benjamin; in front of Praxis, Lucy stumbles out of the bedroom of the photographer we met at the beach; in front of Praxis, now 22 years old, Lucy reviles lesbians and dirty Jews and gutter slime, pointing her finger. In front of Praxis, in fact, Lucy goes mad, a condition that becomes final.

So: a mad mother, a sister who has overnight turned into a swan and the school's prize scholar, a lurking fear that she, Praxis, is debased and unnatural. "Shouldn't we visit Mother?" she asks her sister, 18 and impeccable, after their mother has been taken to a mental hospital. "They don't allow visitors," replies Hypatia, despite the mysterious excursions she herself makes on Sunday afternoons.

PRAXIS by Fay Weldon. London, Hodder and Stoughton. 269 pp. £4.95.

Evelyn Strouse

The girls' names have by this time been changed by their headmistress, Praxis is Patricia, Hypatia to Hilda, a change that bewilders Praxis but only seems to confirm the Hildness—scene of battle—of one who had accepted Hypatia. Praxis, the author tells us, means turning-point, culmination, action, words that limn the spirit, even the demeanour, of the heroine; how can she be at the same time elitist Patricia?

BUT DESPITE this crisis in identity, the novel is no moralistic or philosophic ego-search, any more than is an actual voyage through an actual life. Indeed, less than the usual fiction, in these days of meditation and mantra, is it concerned with self-exploration. Praxis has been felicitously introduced: she more closely recalls the Brighton sands of her childhood, cleaned, muddled, buffeted, stroked by rushing and receding tides than she does a carefully constructed being of controllable proportions. She is at once a repository for her own and other people's pain and burdens and hatred and a source for lightning and transforming all of these.

ed it. She would say nothing. She would take his guilt upon herself." Blake says that if the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise, and I suppose Praxis, taking all guilt unto herself, becomes innocent. She suffers massively; every mistake and misdeed is heavily punished; she is bereft of her husbands and her children—the ones she bore and the ones she only mothered—and at the end (although we are warned of this at the beginning) she is jailed for murder.

But she understands about giving up the world in order to find it, and doesn't mind therefore. The young woman whom Praxis has created more surely than the children of her loins—Mary, whom Praxis snatched from the flames of a burning bomb, who, like herself, is the bastard offspring of a Christian mother and a Jewish father—is made to speak for her.

"I seem to have difficulty," said Praxis, out of nothing, into nowhere, "in actually loving a man... What can I do about it?"

"What you're doing," said Mary. "You learn to love the world enough to want to change it."

IT IS IMPORTANT to remember that the name Praxis essentially means action. Again the sea analogy serves: no single wave, higher than the rest, will ever be preserved in its majesty for all to look upon and say Ah, this is the crown and the success; this will last forever. Nothing lasts except the creating and ebbing, the flux and reflux; you learn to love the world and the world rejects you. The miracle is in the action: continuing to love, continuing to rise and fall, continuing to be aware that yesterday's success is today's failure but that tomorrow you can try again.

Praxis is like the tides, the seasons. I am not at all sure whether Fay Weldon, in naming her, had the Goddess Persephone in mind, but so much in the various fertility and death myths connected with Persephone adheres to Praxis that it is difficult not to associate them. Like Persephone snatching the infant Adonis from Aphrodite, Praxis snatches Mary's baby from her mother; like Persephone, Praxis periodically descends into hell—or into the bosom of the earth—to emerge feebly, bestowing her bounty upon the world. Whatever her genesis, however, Praxis springs warm and identifiable from the conflating type, a woman alive, a gift to the reader. □

Brother act

THE NAME N.J. Crisp will ring a bell in the minds of most Israelis as that of the creator of *The Brothers*. These two thrillers prove that he is even more adept at writing about spies and counter-spies, and cops and robbers, than about takeovers in the transport business.

The London Deal is a taut, tense thriller featuring an unconventional young inspector, Sidney Kenyon, who is framed by some Mafia-like organization, apparently without reason. Despite his brilliant record, or perhaps because of it, he is at once suspended. Fortunately for our Sid, one sergeant is prepared to help him prove his innocence, and all turns out well in the end. But before Sid finds out the truth, we

THE LONDON DEAL by N.J. Crisp. London, Macdonald Raven. 188 pp. £3.95.

THE ODD JOB MAN by N.J. Crisp. London, Futura. 216 pp. £0.85.

Philip Gillon

are taken with him on a series of nail-biting adventures through the seamy and the wealthy parts of London. This has all the pace that *The Brothers* lacked.

The Odd Man Out is George Griffin, an enthusiastic member of the SAS who is thrown out because of a cardinal error—sleeping with the wife of a major

who is a member of the upper, upper classes. So the hero becomes an encyclopaedia salesman, undertaking tough private assignments as his form of the moonlighting in which all modern men must engage. As the story opens, he is busy kidnapping Tauber, a defector from the other side of the Curtain, for a mere £1,000. Unfortunately, George has become a bit of a lush, so he bungles the job somewhat. It turns out that he has chosen a very difficult way to earn a mere £1,000, even if it is tax free, and he sustains numerous beatings and other discomforts before he reaches journey's end. The plot is intricate, most convincing, and very cynical; the characterization is first-class; and the tempo mounts to a crashing crescendo as George discovers the truth about espionage and counter-espionage. In the process, he loses the girl he really loves. A pity. He deserves better. □

Potent paperbacks

CONSUMING paperbacks in quantity provides an insight into modern novel writing—subjects, styles, tastes, trends. It also shows that neither trade nor talent are wanting. Five recent issues, for instance, are all compelling and contemporary, both in artistic competence and in commercial potency.

Susan Howatch's *The Rich are Different* (Pan, £1.50) has best-seller quality, and indeed the author already has two best-sellers to her credit. Dealing with the big business of investment banks, the story spreads across several interrelated families and their drive for money and power on both sides of the Atlantic.

Covering 20 years of inner and outer turbulence between 1922 and 1940, it takes in the 1929 crash in the U.S., and the first year of World War II in Britain—up to the Dunkirk rescue—but only as background, though the effects of the crash on the public are described with tremendous vividness.

Other ingredients are the not-so-hidden anti-Semitism among hereditarily wealthy Americans and the rise of Nazism, but the main themes are the passions and pride, the savage commercial competition, the ruthless character clashes and the emotional and physical challenges of the people directly involved.

The story is told chronologically by five successive narrators—a difficult first-person method but triumphantly handled.

NO LESS passionately propulsive and far more starkly is André Brink's *Looking on Darkness* (Bantam, \$2.50). It goes right to the gut of the colour problem in South Africa—not that of the blacks but those who are the product of centuries of cross-breeding.

A coloured man has murdered a white woman. He is an actor who has relinquished a career in England to work among his people. He writes his recollections in the death cell.

If one knows anything about the life of the coloureds, the story reads not like fiction but like fact. Though the book was originally written five years ago and some restrictions have since been lifted in South Africa, there is about it all the immediacy of truth. It is banned there and the reader shouldn't have any difficulty in guessing why. The brutality of the police described here is reason

enough. Yet it is not a violent book, nor even an angry one. The picture is of suffering and striving—real, alive, actual.

Looking on Darkness makes novels about miscegenation in other countries look like transparencies.

AS HER WORK is being published in bulk by the New English Library, one can follow Helen Van Slyke's progress as a novel writer, which gives added interest to the three just issued.

Her strongest talent lies in dialogue and each successive novel shows how much better she writes as she increases its use.

The Rich and the Righteous (£1) is the story of a man who controls the world's biggest clothing chain, and his family and associates—another big-business drama. Large footage is lavished on all the characters, their thoughts and behaviour. The story hardly travels on its own. It is pushed and manoeuvred. There's a Jew in the huge cast—a stereotype—sensitive, brilliant and honourable, making his righteous Christian boss feel guilty for wishing he wasn't Jewish. The author seems to know the American upper-middle class well; but the narrative has its longeurs.

By the time of writing her next book, *The Best People*, (80p.), Helen Van Slyke apparently realized that dialogue is her best asset. She uses it profusely, and though the plot is still thin—about the lengths an advertising agency will go to get an \$8m. contract—the characters are more interesting, the story is improved with a sub-plot about racial discrimination against Jews in the housing field, the pace is brisk and there are some surprises.

The Mixed Blessing (£1) is the best of the three. It is the story of a lovely mulatto girl whose black father and white mother had an ideal marriage. Being olive-skinned she has only the problem of whether or not to recognize herself as white.

Rather over-sentimentally written and somewhat prone to coincidence and accident, the story nevertheless moves well. The balance between dialogue and narrative is skillfully maintained and the problem is dealt with in individual terms. This makes for good reading material—light despite the subject, with a happy-ever-after ending. □

Pins and ...

EYE OF THE NEEDLE by Ken Follet, New York, Arbor House. 307 pp. \$3.95.

Nadel approaches the rendezvous, tension rises and Churchill himself gets on the M15 hot line urging action. Hitler, meanwhile pacing up and down in his Bavarian retreat, brusquely puts off his generals until his trusted spy reports in.

Based on fact, this fanciful spy thriller—the first novel of a former London journalist—though certainly not up to Le Carré as claimed in the blurb, is neatly written, fast and a tantalizing version of how D-Day might have been botched. To complicate motivations, a love interest is thrown in, generously crediting women with manly logic against daring skill. As *Die*

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Photography by David Harris

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Spring in Jerusalem festival 1979

"LA MAMA" THEATRE FROM NEW YORK IN THREE GREEK TRAGEDIES AT THE CITADEL — DAVID'S TOWER

MEDEA
MAY 5, 12 AT 7 P.M.

ELECTRA
MIRACLE INSPIRED BY SOPHOCLES
MAY 6 17 SUN., THUR. AT 5.30 P.M.

TROJAN WOMEN
OPERA EPIC INSPIRED BY EURIPIDES
MAY 6 17 SUN.—THUR. AT 7.15 P.M.

ELECTRA AND TROJAN WOMEN COULD BE ATTENDED IN ONE EVENING

TICKETS: AT THE JERUSALEM THEATRE (1667167) AND TICKET AGENCIES, IN TEL-AVIV: UNION, ROCOCO AND HADRAN

THE QUALITY OF THE PLAY IS ASTOUNDING... THE WORLD LOSE THEIR IMPORTANCE, IT'S A WONDERFUL PLAY (NEW YORK TIMES)

A UNIQUE THEATRICAL EXPERIENCE... (M. OHAD — HA'ARETZ)

Israel Theatres

The Cameri Theatre
CHAPTER TWO
Tomorrow, May 5, Sun., May 6
RUBBER MERCHANTS — Teavia
Tomorrow, May 5, 7.30, 10.15 p.m.
PAULA
May 6 — Dimona
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT JENNIE?
May 5, 8, 4.30, 8.30 p.m.

Habima
WEDDING EVE
Tomorrow, May 5, Sat., May 12
LIKE A LONE BIRD ON A ROOF
Tomorrow, May 5, Sun., May 6, Mon., May 7
MARRIAGE GAMBIT
May 5, 7
ALCOHOLIC ROUND
Bimartel
Tomorrow, May 5, Mon., May 7

Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre
THE SUBJECT IS ROSES
Tomorrow, May 5, Mon., May 7, Tues., May 8
THE SHADOW
May 5
SPRING'S AWAKENING
Wed., May 8, series 3
I SLAUGHTERED MY AUNT
May 9, series 3

ROLEX
THE PRESTIGE WATCH
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הכרזה מן הארץ

Excitement of the sixties

Gil Goldfine

WHEN the Tel Aviv Museum dedicated its new building several years ago even its boldest admirers criticized the imposing structure as an institution without the means to assemble or support a first rate modern and contemporary collection.

Marc Scheps, the museum's new active director, wisely embarked on a programme to organize comprehensive exhibits of local artists and once or twice a year arrange for broad-based, quality, loan shows from abroad as supportive nourishment. One can remember shows like "Drawing Now," "Gold of Peru," "Anthony Caro Table Sculptures" and "Constructivist Art."

Maintaining its excellent track record, the Museum has inaugurated no less than four new exhibits this week. The galleries have been reshuffled for the occasion, resulting in a pleasant and logical new installation of the permanent Israeli collection.

The Ludwig Collection

GREETING the visitor on the ramp to the Zecks Hall is a three-metre high decorative sculpture by Niki de St. Phalle, "Black Nana," a sassy piece symbolizing the vitality of the main show: "Art of the Sixties: Europe and the United States," from the Ludwig Collection, Cologne.

During the late '50s and early '60s Peter Ludwig, a manufacturer from Aachen, assembled one of the world's finest collections of American and English Pop art. His holdings were subsequently expanded to include the leading contemporary painters and sculptors. The collection eventually became the cornerstones of the Ludwig Museum in Cologne.

At the request of Scheps and with the assistance of the Federal Republic of Germany, 76 major works from the Ludwig Museum have been brought here. "Art of the Sixties" is a marvellous cross-section of names and schools exemplifying all the excitement and change that occurred in the '60s.

The Ludwig Collection's first section deals with the essential styles of Pop art shown in paintings, objects and mixed-media works by the Americans Warhol, Wesselman, Dine, Rosenquist, Segal, Johns, Lichtenstein and a colossal Rauchenberg; and their English counterparts Blake, Hoekney, Hamilton and Kitaj.

The area devoted to European Nouveau Réalisme begins with large, blue monochrome paintings by the school's guru, the late Yves Klein and continues with Tinguely's kinetic "fun" machines, mystic pieces by Arman and Joseph Beuys; and works by Vostell, Christo and Cesar.

Along with Pop and New Realism the '60s saw the saplings of conceptual and minimal art break through the surface. These trends, which flourished internationally in the '70s, are introduced to us in this exhibit with splendid, singular pieces by Judd, Arakawa, Fontana, Kosuth, Becker, Fillou, LeWitt; and a mammoth Stella.

Beyond the perimeters of these extended styles, in which many artists reacted to their environment in a parallel "visual" fashion, there were those individuals who maintained a unique identity despite the onslaught of group "vibes." In this category the exhibit contains work by Alechinsky, Dubuffet, Bacon, Twombly, Baselitz, Penck, Pistoletto and metaphysically inspired canvases by the late Domenico Gnoli.

It is not everyday that a collection of this stature is brought to Israel. "Art of the Sixties" will be here for three months and should not be missed — and take the kids along.

Rubinstein — Adir Bequest

THE late Maria Rubinstein-Bernard Adir has bequeathed her entire art collection to the Tel Aviv Museum. Of the 80 pieces received, 25 paintings, drawings, watercolours and sculptures from the second quarter of the 20th century, mostly the French school, are on show. They have been hung together with a view to integrating them into the Museum's permanent hall of Impressionist and post-Impressionist art.

The highlights of the bequest are seven Picassos: an important oil from 1954, three drawings and three bronze maquettes. Complementing is an elegant Matisse pen-and-ink drawing that hangs between a languid Dufy sketch and a Signac watercolour. Two bronze sculptures by the important master Julio Gonzalez are great assets and are the only works by the artist in Israel.

The Museum is fortunate to receive its first very own Matisse and additional works by Max Ernst, Dali, Miro, Max Jacobs and Chagall.

Photography: New Acquisitions

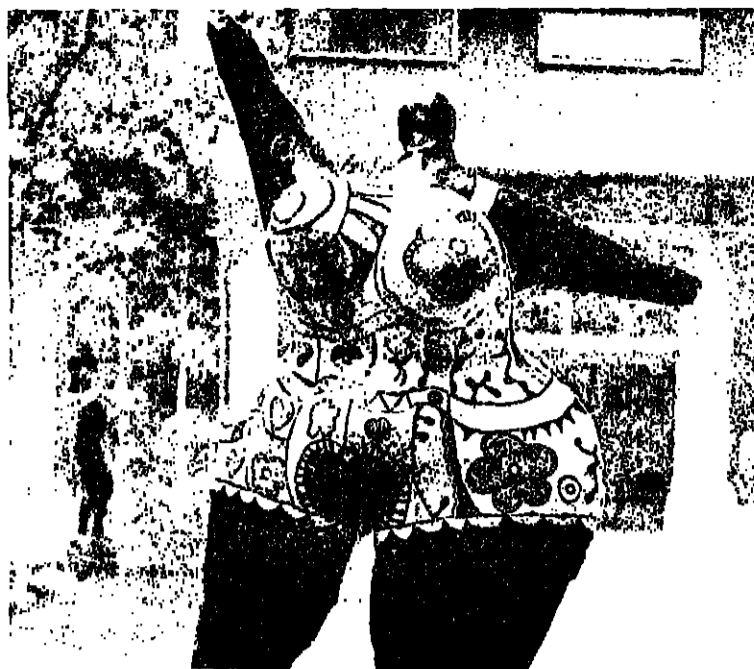
TO OFFICIALLY inaugurate the Museum's Department of Photography, its Curator, Micha Bar Am, has acquired representative works by 17 Israeli photographers.

The 70-odd prints currently on view will form the basis of the Department's holdings. They project an honest appraisal of contemporary photography with good samples of hard fact realism, romanticism, abstraction, reportage and conceptual time studies. Bar Am has made his selection on the basis of sound artistic points of view and print quality.

Exceptional items are by Dalia Amotz-Weissleib, Yirmiyahu Zanaton, Yosef Cohen, David Mastro, Yigal Shem Tov and Gabriel Paldi.

AS A topping to all these rich morsels, the Tel Aviv Museum has received three gifts which have also been placed in the galleries this week. A splendid Miro was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Metz to the American Israel Cultural Foundation; a Bernard Luginbuhl kinetic sculpture was donated by A. M. Loeb of Bern; and a "Signal" sculpture by Taktis is a gift of Ayala Zecks-Abramov.

All these new works and new installations will be on view at the Museum, 39 King Saul Blvd., for three months. □



Niki de St. Phalle: sculpture, detail, "Black Nana" (from the Ludwig Collection at the Tel Aviv Museum).



Roy Lichtenstein: painting, "M-Maybe" (Ludwig Collection).



Pablo Picasso: painting, "Toro" (from the Bernard-Adir Bequest to the Tel Aviv Museum).

Desert bloom

ANNA ANDERSCH MARCUS goes from strength to strength. Her newest mixed-media and gouache renditions of the Dead Sea, Negev and Sinai are marvellously well constructed, geometry that manages to project the contrasting architecture of rock and water, while the colour itself stops short of the illustrative and hews with both vibrancy and stillness. The colour harmonies are first class and consistent in character. Few figurative artists here have managed to grapple with the desert landscape as successfully as this German-born artist. However the several oils on show do not come anywhere near the achievements of the other works; it is a medium this artist can now afford to drop. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, J'lem). Till May 21.

"FIBERWORKS" is a disappointing collection of disparate weavings, tapestries, batiks, wax resists etc., by some 20 Israeli and newcomers. Much of it is simply decorative, a lot of it dreadful kitsch, or steals from real artists. There are two harmonious appliques of a road and landscape by Leslie Wayne; and the largest of Alexandra Zaid's batiks is very pleasant. Annette Fein's mezzotint are highly original, but too sweet for my taste. One of Linda Nesvicky's stained silks shows possibilities. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for New Artists). Till May 6. □

MEIR RONNEN

Mixed bag

KOKA LAPIDOT shows paintings; TUVIA JUSTER shows sculptures. Lapidot's oils are hard-edge, very smooth canvases in colours sultry her needs more than actuality, e.g. the continual blue for background, sky and sometimes the human body. The most polished works are the female nudes and semi-nudes, where volume, axis and calculated proportions lead to a detachment, removing them to a degree from the surface.

Despite careful lay-out, Juster's sculptures, in several media and styles, realist and otherwise, overwhelm in relation to the space at their disposal here. The viewer should therefore concentrate on the pieces in wood which express the artist at his most complete. There is a vertically seen in its earliest and simplest form in his well-known, slenderly tapering "Prayer" (2). He achieves complexity by constructing an item through ramp-like spirals, e.g. the cubist veiled woman of "Song of Degrees" (46); and the massive abstract "Outcry" (44) whose apex protrudes in a pointed motif jutting up from within the spirals. A fairly opposite — and evidently new — approach provides the solid blocks of three "Altars", each partly split downwards by different kinds of knife, the most imposing being (1). The unnumbered bas relief on the walls are most successful when, realist or abstract, their motifs are separated by adequate space. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till May 9. □

TAMAR DUBROVSKY'S "Sky and Earth" (including the sea) is a good exhibition of oils; a coolly organized palette of blues, greens, pinks and reds, as if tempered by a slight breeze. These works seize on essentials without minimalism and the subject is brought, near the surface without reducing distance ("The Bay," 8). A few items demonstrate a hint of abstract tendencies. (The Auditorium Haifa).

E. HARRIS

PNINA RAKOTCH'S first one-man show of mixed media is quite creditable. Here is a pleasant, low-muted palette, which has the effect of giving full importance to drawing. At its best it divides the motifs of "Trees" (and similar pieces under different titles) into planes. This method avoids crowding and the impression of perhaps unwarranted abstraction in the more richly coloured collages which, however, include the treasurably composed and clearly figurative, "Illusion." (Hagefen Gallery, Haifa). Till May 9.

The Weekend Dry Bones

YES FRIENDS, SHULDIG WENT BACK TO THE STATES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE AND A HALF YEARS AND HE FOUND THAT...

YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG WHEN YOU GO BACK AND...



YOU GO TO THE MOVIES AND YOU WALK OUT DURING THE CLOSING CREDITS.



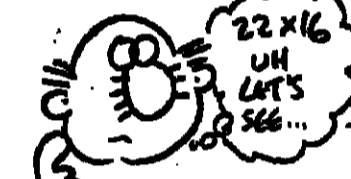
YOU FIND YOURSELF ARGUING IN FAVOR OF GOVERNMENT POLICY YOU OPPOSE.



YOU ASK PEOPLE HOW MUCH THEY MAKE.



THE PASTRAMI DOESN'T TASTE AS GOOD AS YOU REMEMBER IT.



YOU CONVERT PRICES INTO "REAL" MONEY.



YOU LOOK UP AT THE TALL BUILDINGS.



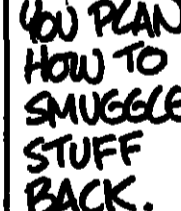
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO SMOKES.



PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE RUDE.



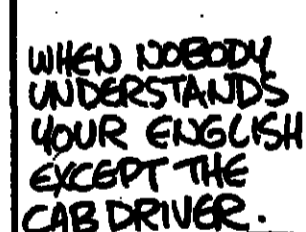
YOU TALK TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS ABOUT ISRAEL AND THEY REFER TO YOU AS "YOU PEOPLE."



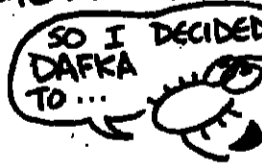
YOU PLAN HOW TO SMUGGLE STUFF BACK.



ILL STRAP THE TV TO MY WAIST.



WHEN NOBODY UNDERSTANDS YOUR ENGLISH EXCEPT THE CAB DRIVER.



SO I DECIDED DAFKA TO...



YOU GET HOMESICK AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS.



WHEN YOU WANT TO SEE A FILM

AND YOU LOOK IN THE PAPER

TO SEE WHAT'S PLAYING

AND YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF

ANY OF THEM...

CAUSE THEY'RE ALL TOO NEW.

הכרזה מן האסל